

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Cor. Come Sir.

What Letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.

Cor. And what confederacie haue you with the Traitors, late footed in the Kingdome?

Reg. To whose hands

You haue sent the Lunaticke King: Speake.

Glon. I haue a Letter guessingly set downe

Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart,

And not from one oppos'd.

Cor. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Cor. Where hast thou sent the King?

Glon. To Douer.

Reg. Wherefore to Douer?

Was't thou not charg'd at perill.

Cor. Wherefore to Douer? Let him answer that.

Glon. I am tyed to th'Snake,

And I must stand the Course.

Reg. Wherefore to Douer?

Glon. Because I would not see thy cruell Nails

Plucke out his poore old eyes: nor thy fierce Sister,

In his Anointed flesh, sticke boarish phangs.

The Sea, with such a storme as his bare head,

In Hell-blacke night indur'd, would haue buoy'd vp

And quench'd the Stelled fires:

Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heauens to raine.

If Wolves had at thy Gate howl'd that sterse time,

Thou should'st haue said, good Porter turne the Key:

All Cruels else subscribe: but I shall see

The winged Vengeance ouertake such Children.

Cor. See't shalt thou neuer. Fellowes hold y' Chaire,

Vpon these eyes of thine, Ile set my foote.

Glon. He that will thinke to live, till he be old,

Giue me some helpe. — O cruell! O you Gods.

Reg. One side will mocke another: Th'other too.

Cor. If you see vengeance.

Ser. Hold your hand, my Lord:

I haue seru'd you euer since I was a Childe:

But better seruice haue I neuer done you,

Then how to bid you hold.

Reg. How now, you dogge?

Ser. If you did weare a beard vpon your chin,

I'd shake it on this quarrell. What do you meane?

Cor. My Villaine?

Ser. Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

Reg. Giue me thy Sword. A pezant stand vp thus?

Killes him.

Ser. Oh I am slaine: my Lord, you haue one eye left

To see some mischefe on him. Oh!

Cor. Left it see more, preuent it: Out vilde gelly:

Where is thy lustre now?

Glon. All darke and comfortlesse?

Where's my Sonne Edmund?

Edmund, enkindle all the sparkes of Nature

To quench this horrid acte.

Reg. Out treacherous Villaine,

Thou call'st on him, that hates thee. It was he

That made the conquest of thy Treasons to vs:

Who is too good to pittie thee.

Glon. O my Pollicies! when Edgar was abus'd,

Kinde Gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.

Reg. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell

His way to Douer. *Exit with Gloucester.*

How is't my Lord? How looke you?

Cor. I haue receiu'd a hurt: Follow me Lady:
Turne out that eyelesse Villaine: throw this Slaue
Vpon the Dughill: *Regan,* I bleed apace,
Vntimely comes this hurt. Giue me your arme. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter Edgar.

Edg. Yet better thus, and knowne to be contain'd,
Then still contain'd and flatter'd, to be worst:
The lowest, and most dejected thing of Fortune,
Stands still in esperance, liues not in feare:
The lamentable change is from the best,
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou vnsubstantiall ayre that I embrace:
The Wretch that thou hast blowne vnto the worst,
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

Enter Gloucester, and an Oldman.

But who comes heere? My Father poorely led?

World, World, O world!

But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee,

Life would not yeelde to age.

Oldm. O my good Lord, I haue bene your Tenant,

And your Fathers Tenant, these fourescore yeares.

Glon. Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,

Thy comforts can do me no good at all,

Thee, they may hurt.

Oldm. You cannot see your way.

Glon. I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes:

I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis scene,

Our meanes secure vs, and our meere defects

Proue our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne *Edgar,*

The food of thy abused Fathers wrath:

Might I but liue to see thee in my touch,

I'd say I had eyes againe.

Oldm. How now? who's there?

Edg. O Gods! Who is't can say I am at the worst?

I am worse then ere I was.

Old. 'Tis poore mad Tom.

Edg. And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,

So long as we can say this is the worst.

Oldm. Fellow, where goest?

Glon. Is it a Beggar-man?

Oldm. Madman, and beggar too.

Glon. He has some reason, else he could not beg.

I th'last nights storme, I such a fellow saw;

Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne

Came then into my minde, and yet my minde

Was then scarce Friends with him.

I haue heard more since:

As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th'Gods,

They kill vs for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?

Bad is the Trade that must play Foole to sorrow,

Ang'ring it selfe, and others. Blesse thee Master.

Glon. Is that the naked Fellow?

Oldm. I my Lord.

Glon. Get thee away: If for my sake

Thou wilt ore-take vs hence a mile or twaine:

I th'way toward Douer, do it for ancient loue,

And bring some covering for this naked Soule,

Which Ile intreat to leade me.

Old. Alacke sir, he is mad.

Glon.

Glon. 'Tis the times plague,
When Madmen leade the blinde:
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:
About the rest, be gone.

Oldm. Ile bring him the best Parrell that I haue

Come on't, what will. *Exit*

Glon. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg. Poore Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further.

Glon. Come hither fellow.

Edg. And yet I must:

Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleed.

Glon. Know'st thou the way to Douer?

Edg. Both stile, and gate; Horseway, and foot-path:

poore Tom hath bin scard out of his good wits. Blesse

thee good mans sonne, from the foule Fiend.

Glon. Here take this purse, y whom the heau'ns plagues

Haue humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched

Makes thee the happier: Heauens deale so still:

Let the superfluous, and lust-dicted man,

That flauies your ordinance, that will not see

Because he do's not feelee, feelee your powre quickly:

So distribution should vndoe excessse,

And each man haue enough. Dost thou know Douer?

Edg. I Master.

Glon. There is a Cliffe, whose high and bending head

Lookes fearfully in the confined Deepe:

Bring me but to the very brimme of it,

And Ile repaire the misery thou do'st beare

With something rich about me: from that place,

I shall no leading neede.

Edg. Giue me thy arme;

Poore Tom shall leade thee. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Gonerill, Bastard, and Steward.

Cor. Welcome my Lord. I meruell our mild husband

Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Master?

Stew. Madam within, but neuer man so chang'd:

I told him of the Army that was Landed:

He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming,

His answer was, the worse. Of Glosters Treachery,

And of the loyall Seruice of his Sonne

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sor,

And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:

What most he should dislike, seemes pleasant to him;

What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further.

It is the Cowish terror of his spirit

That dares not vndertake: Hee'l not feelee wrongs

Which tye him to an answer: our wishes on the way

May proue effects. Backe *Edmond* to my Brother,

Hasten his Musters, and conduct his powres.

I must change names at home, and giue the Distaffe

Into my Husbands hands. This trustie Seruant

Shall passe betweene vs: ere long you are like to heare

(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)

A Mistresses command. Weare this; spare speech,

Decline your head. This kisse, if it durst speake

Would stretch thy Spirits vp into the ayre:

Conceiue, and fare thee well.

Bast. Yours in the rankes of death. *Exit.*

Gon. My most deere Gloster.

Oh, the difference of man, and man,
To thee a Womans seruices are due,
My Foole vsurpes my body.

Stew. Madam, here come's my Lord.

Enter Albany.

Gon. I haue bene worth the whistle.

Alb. Oh *Gonerill,*

You are not worth the dust which the rude winde

Blowes in your face.

Gon. Milke-Liuer'd man,

That bear'st a cheek for blowes, a head for wrongs,

Who hast not in thy browes an eye-discerning

Thine Honor, from thy suffering.

Alb. See thy selfe diuelli:

Proper deformitie seemes not in the Fiend

So horrid as in woman.

Gon. Oh vaine Foole.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Oh my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwall* dead,

Slaine by his Seruant, going to put out

The other eye of Gloucester.

Alb. Gloucesters eyes.

Mes. A Seruant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,

Oppos'd against the act: bending his Sword

To his great Master, who, threat-enrag'd

Flew on him, and among't them fell'd him dead,

But not without that harmefull stroke, which since

Hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This shewes you are about

You Iustices, that these our neather crimes

So speedily can venge. But (O poore Gloucester)

Lost he his other eye?

Mes. Both, both, my Lord.

This Letter Madam, craues a speedy answer:

'Tis from your Sister.

Gon. One way I like this well,

But being widdow, and my Gloucester with her,]

May all the building in my fancie plucke

Vpon my hatefull life. Another way

The Newes is not so tart. Ile read, and answer.

Alb. Where was his Sonne,

When they did take his eyes?

Mes. Come with my Lady hither.

Alb. He is not heere.

Mes. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.

Alb. Knowes he the wickednesse?

Mes. I my good Lord: 'twas he inform'd against him

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment

Might haue the freer course.

Alb. Gloucester, I liue

To thanke thee for the loue thou shew'dst the King,

And to reuenge thine eyes. Come hither Friend,

Tell me what more thou know'st. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Cordelia, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alacke, 'tis he: why he was met euen now

As mad as the vext Sea, singing alowd.

Crown'd with rapke Fenitar, and furrow weeds,

With Hardokes, Hemlocke, Nettles, Cuckoo flowers,

Darnell